Before Columbus Came.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

To learn the history of the ancients one must literally dig, and because of Dr. J. Walter Fewks' zeal in delving among the ruins of Casa Grande Canyon another contribution has been made to the general fund of information regarding pre-Columbian America. Government interest in American ethnology is not yet fifty years old, but already a vast amount of energy has been expended in bringing from obscurity the origin of the Indian and his antecedents who peopled this country in the dim dawn of the world. A number of hillocks under the shifting sands of the Southwest were all that was visible at first of this ancient town that Dr. Fewks has recently unearthed. Bit by bit he has revealed the houses and fortresses of a pre-historic stronghold. He has disclosed a city surrounded by a rectangular wall of stone and clay. Outside the wall is a moat, while the corners are guarded by bastions and watch towers. There are mounds beyond the walls, burial mounds rich in treasures of the dead. The city is laid out with some regularity, having a "great house" set about with smaller ones.

These old ruins dominate a flat stretch of country in Southern Arizona, and were doubtless a valuable stronghold in ancient times. They are so old that they were sand-strewn and long deserted when Coronado's astonished followers saw them loom up from the desert, nearly four hundred years ago. They may, like the cliff dwellings of Walpi, Arizona, be all that remains of a great city and a great people that flourished at the time of ancient Babylon. Within these walls a Jesuit priest chanted a mass two hundred years ago, when he was crossing the desert as a penance for his sins, and in 1846 a detachment of the United States army passed them in its conquest of the West. They now stand on government property and under government control, with a custodian to frustrate the ambitions of vandal tourists.

The Bureau of American Ethnology, which, through Dr. Fewks, is conducting this important work of excavation, had its real beginning in 1867, when Maj. J. W. Powell explored the canyons of the Colorado River. From amateur work exploration was brought under the patronage of the Smithsonian Institution, and then raised to the distinction of a government enterprise. The work already done has been notable. Its survey of the Rocky Mountain Region, in connection with the United States Geological Survey, has been termed one of the boldest bits of work in the history of the nation. This bureau has studied every Indian tribe that America has known, finding, as in the case of the Pecos Indians, sometimes only one or two survivors of a once powerful tribe from whom to get their data. They have compared remote Western with Eastern tribes to note any similarity in their manners and customs, they have deciphered petroglyphs, they have translated, compared, verified, until out of chaos something definite and reliable about the Indian and his predecessors is being secured for the public. One of the most painstaking pieces of work is a "Handbook of the Indians," now being prepared, and giving the history of Indian tribes and their civilization, so far as can be secured.

So page by page the story of pre-Columbian America will some day be revealed to us. Out of the mists that have hidden this country's past for so many uncounted years will come the real story, verified and proved. The threads of history or tradition—whichever they be—that we pick up to-day are wonderfully fascinating. Geologists say America is the oldest existing land in the world. From this, theories have been offered that it must have been the cradle of civilization. It is the famous lost continent, Atlantis, some assert. For "over against the Pillars of Hercules," ages ago, there lay a mighty land, peopled with the promoters of a wonderful civilization and rich in treasure, a land which Plato declared was inhabited 9,000 years before his day. Some say this was the land from which the Mediterranean countries drew their gods and heroes. Some say it was the land of old Bible days, and that the flood of the Judean lore of the East and of the Mayan lore of the West was only the sinking of Atlantis, with its thousands of great cities and great achievements, leaving only that remnant in Central America to tell the tale. For in Central America there are ruins of untold age on ruins still older, with other ruins below these.

Be this as it may, ever since the first white men set foot on the shores of the so-called New World, speculation has been rife as to whence came the red men who met them. As conquest and settlement progressed through the country the question became bigger, the questioners more eager for reply. They found an architecture that varied from the conical mound of the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys to the Central American and Mexican palaces, that held suggestions of Egyptian and Gothic influences, with building materials that ranged from clay and tule to hewn stone, with designs that ran from timbered supports to the arch with a keystone, and from roofs of skins, or rushes, to concrete roofs that defied earthquakes. They found the arts and sciences represented in the work of the gold and silversmith, in cotton cloth as fine as silk, in feather work, gem cutting, engineering, and sculpture. They found that no people had done so much in ceramics as these mysterious people who populated the North American continent before Columbus came, and in no nation has the transformation from the glyptic to the graphic arts been so clearly traced.

From the great civilization of the Mayas and Aztecs, a civilization that must have been of a grandeur unsurpassed by the later ones of the East, the pre-Columbian social and political American has been traced in an ever descending scale through the Pueblos, Cliff Dwellers, and Mound Builders to the migratory Indians of the wigwam in the hunting ground beyond the Alleghanies. Theirs were widely divergent ways, and wars swept the tribes farther and farther apart. Yet all, even to the migratory bands, seem to have kept through the centuries some of the necessary arts—agriculture, implement making, pottery, and skin dressing, and even when the tepee was moved from place to place, it was not a too wide circle, and a certain home instinct was still kept.

Whence came the ancestors of this people? Almost every nation has made answer. "They built pyramids even as our people did, and their pottery bears the swastika and the key pattern, even as ours did before Greece and Rome were born," Egypt will answer, and the Mexican pyramid of Cholula, the largest in the world, with Central American examples of such structures, offer themselves as proof. The writer known as Count Johannes speaks for the Tyrians and Israelites, showing a similarity in their arts and customs and those of early Americans. He declares that Christianity was brought over by St. Thomas. Crosses from petroglyphs and in crude metal work are shown in proof of his theory, though it is known that the cross represented to the Mexicans the points of the compass; that when Thorwald the Norseman, died on the coast of New England, 900 years ago, he ordered that crosses be set at his grave; that when St. Brendan led his Irish followers here he set up a cross, and that when Prince Nadoc, of Wales, pierced the inland rivers a century later he also left this symbol among the Indians. The Book of Mormon claims that the ancestors of the Indians were none other than the "Lost Tribes of Israel" scattered from the Tower of Babel to wander oversea to the South American coast, and later to take their civilization into North America.

The Buddhists will point to the Mexican images, so like their own, to the elephant-faced god of the Aztecs, which they claim is an imitation of their god Ganesha, and tell you that China and Korea helped colonize America. Old Chinese records refer to this land as Fusang, or Fusu, locate it 6,500 miles to the east, and describe another sea on the eastern side of Fusang. The records of Hui Shen tell that in the fifth century five Buddhist priests first came over and ordained missionaries among a people they found, taught them their arts, and later brought settlers to mingle with them, for immigration was practicable by way of the Aletian Islands and the friendly Japan current. The Buddhists claim that the Mexican calendar, the Chinese game of Patolli, common among the Aztecs, and the finding of jade ornaments in Mexico all bear out their theories.

A recent writer has taken much pains to show that the Ptolemaic Zodiac was at first a terrestrial map in early mythological ages, and was later used for the purposes of astronomy. He places the map so that Lyra falls over Ireland, the land of the harpers; Taurus over Spain, ancient Terraconnensis, and so on, until Europe, Asia, and Africa have each been assigned certain signs of the Zodiac, and then he argues that those which are left unappropriated must have been meant for America. He claims that the map had been made in early days by people who knew of this continent's existence, but that through wars and migrations this knowledge was lost, and the Zodiac became merely an auxiliary to astronomy, with its first significance lost.

The value of existing things is being impressed on the public by the Bureau of American Ethnology, whose members have found no tribe too small to study, no weapon that has not a historic value, no bit of picture writing that has not a bearing on the history of the continent, and no modern hut or ancient ruin that does not embody a lesson. But back of the Red Man still lies the mystery of his beginning, a mystery that hung there before Galileo was thrown in a prison because he had a theory that the earth was round, and before an Aragon princess pledged her jewels that a Genoese soldier of fortune might prove this theory.

The secret is hard to unravel, for, with the rise and fall of Central American and Mexican governments, zealous Spanish priests destroyed invaluable manuscripts and carvings of the ancient Aztecs, and have made the lesson more difficult, with no Rosetta Stone to give the key to the remaining ones. American men of science, however, are made of grit that will some day win, and a believing people is waiting for that day when research will lead them back to the origin of the Red Man's ancestors, whether that research lead to a Buddhist shrine, the Tower of Babel, or an Egyptian temple, or prove that America herself was the cradle of the whole world, the "Ultima Thule," of which Virgil wrote.

To-morrow—Curiosities of Coinage.

MISS DEAKINS' DOG.

BY PHILIP KEAN.

"Jenks," said Miss Deakins, "don't go across the hall again."

Jenks flopped down on the door mat and sighed, canine fashion.

"You understand?" said Miss Deakins.

Jenks wagged a disconsolate tail and closed his eyes.

"Very well," and Miss Deakins went in and shut the door, withdrawing from Jenks the vision of her trim figure, enveloped in a blue linen apron, down the front of which traveled splotches of paint.

Jenks, outside on the mat, heard a faint whistle, and lifted one ear. Then he whined softly.

A door opened across the hall.

"Cut it and run, Jenksie," said a masculine voice.

Jenks yawned eagerly, but did not move.

"Come on," wheedled the man on the other door mat.

Jenks stood up and wagged his tail. There was a "get-thee-behind-me Satan" protest in his attitude, coupled with yielding.

And just then Miss Deakins opened her door.

"Were you calling my dog?" she demanded.

"Yes. You don't mind, do you?" The man came toward her as he said it. He wore a shabby velveteen coat, and the paint stains matched those on Miss Deakins' apron.

"I do mind," Miss Deakins assured him. "Jenks has been taught to lie on his mat until 12 o'clock. Then he has his lunch with me."

"Such beautiful regularity," murmured the man in the velveteen coat.

Miss Deakins flushed.

"I don't see why he wants always to go to your room."

"Of course you don't see," he agreed, "but—but Jenks is rather fond of me——"

"You give him ham bones," she accused him.

"I do. There are some people and some dogs to whom you have to give things in order to make them love you. Perhaps Jenks is not that kind of dog. Perhaps he may have a soul above ham bones—perhaps, without ham bones, Jenks might love me. Psychologically it's interesting—but I don't want to put it to the test—I value Jenks' affection too highly to seek the cause."

"I'm too busy," she reminded him, "to talk in the abstract. And—I'd rather you didn't call Jenks."

"Very well," he said, formally, and went back to his room and shut the door.

Miss Deakins stood irresolutely on her door mat, with Jenks by her side, and looked at the closed door. There was red in her cheeks and there was a tremble in her voice as she said to the dog: "Come on, Jenks. I'm sorry you can't be trusted, but you can't."

And as they entered the shabby little room, lighted into whiteness and glare by a great skylight, she went on: "I don't believe I can trust anybody, not even a dog, Jenksie."

She painted all the afternoon, and as the twilight came on she sat and looked out over the roofs, and Jenks sat beside her with his cold nose in her hand, and when a big star shown over the top of the highest building, she said, "I'm like the Miller of Dee: 'I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me.'"

Just then there came a knock at the door. When she opened it no one was there, but on Jenks' mat was a bunch of lilacs, such as one buys at the corner stands.

As she filled all her bowls and vases, Miss Deakins sang a little song, and before she finished there came another knock at the door.

"What were you singing?" asked the man from across the way.

"You know—the Spring Song," she told him, icily.

"I have just painted a little picture of spring," he said, ingratiatingly. "May I show it to you?"

It was a water color—just a stretch of young fields, with a sweep of orchard beyond, but it made her catch her breath.

"I can almost sniff the fragrance," was her impetuous comment. "It is beautiful."

"That is the way the world is looking outside the city," he said, with enthusiasm. "There are violets and pussy willows, and the birds are calling—let me take you out there to-morrow. It will do you good, you are so pale——"

She froze at that. "Certainly not," she refused, and spoke with sternness to Jenks.

"Jenks," she said, "I told you not to cross the hall."

Jenks got up wearily from the opposite door mat.

"I don't see why you won't be friends," the painter said, as he stood, irresolute, with his picture in his hand.

"I have my work, and nothing must interfere with my career."

"But we have lived opposite each other for six months."

"It would be the same if we had lived opposite each other for six years," was the way she closed the discussion.

More stars were out when she again sat with Jenks by the window and the moon flooded the world with light, but over the roofs she caught the glow of a different illumination, a red, murky glow, that flared up presently into flames and columns of rolling smoke.

"It's a fire, Jenks," she told the dog. Jenks whined.

"It's down the street," was her further information, and then in a sudden panic, "It's in the next house, Jenksie."

With the dog close behind her she ran to the door. The hall was full of smoke. Through it she saw the man across the way.

"We can't get down," he said quickly. "The stairs are on fire, but there's a fire escape from my window."

He caught her in his arms, and before she could protest they were descending the ladder.

From the window above Jenks whined. "Oh, let me go. Let me go." He held her firmly and called up to the dog. "Wait a minute, old boy, I'll be back."

When she was safe, and looked up through the smoke to where the patient little animal was waiting, she said, "Oh, if you should be killed. It is better that Jenks should—go——"

But he was already on the ladder.

She covered her eyes with her hands, and then she knew nothing until a shout went up, and some one said: "He's got the dog."

There was another long interval, and then she felt something warm and wet on her cheeks, and there was Jenks licking her face, and she threw her arms about his neck and cried.

And presently she held out her hand to the man who had saved him, and said, in a weak little voice:

"He shall sit on your door mat all the time, if you will let him."

"There isn't any door mat," he told her. "It's burned up. But I'll buy another——"

She smiled at that, and her eyes as they met his held in them all the promise of friendship, and more than friendship, that was to come.

A Tribute to the Washington Monument

By GLENN BROWN, Architect.

From the Chicago Inland Architect.

Gray in the dawn, brilliant in the sunlight, black in the thunderstorm, pink in the after glow, mysterious in the moonlight, vanishing in the mist, lost in the clouds, always majestic, stands the memorial to the father of his country.

Its phases forcibly remind us of the shifting and changing fortunes of our great chief. Standing alone, simple and dignified, it is as self-contained and practical as was his character and life. Enshrouded in the mists, shadowy, weird, vanishing from sight, a mere suggestion of an outline visible, it recalls the clouded reputation of Washington when surrounded by foes, false comrades and encompassed by the fierce elements. Black in the thunderstorm, it brings to mind dark days and bridled passions. Apparently floating in the air when the base is obscured by the fog, it suggests his struggles without reasonable foundation or hope. Brilliantly illuminated at its base and the pinnacle lost in the clouds, it typifies great victories with the ultimate results in doubt. Piercing the shifting clouds as they float past, with the base and crown illuminated by the sunlight, it vividly recalls the force which enabled him to penetrate the darkest shadows. Reflecting the pink blush of the evening glow, it points to the brightness dawning as his life advanced. A column of light in the moon's rays, it is a beacon leading us, as did his life, to forget self in our country's service. Glorious in the sunshine, scintillating, brilliant against the clear blue sky, it forcibly reminds us of the great results springing from an unselfish life of duty.

The aluminum crest sparkles as a beautiful star, its rays are beams of light, guiding us to patriotic efforts.

A factor in the artistic composition of the city, it is a charming end to many vistas. Viewed from the Capitol, the White House, and the Mall, it stands imposing in its grandeur; from the river it rises pure and simple, with the green hills of Maryland as a noble exhedra, and from the heights, visible through the valleys, it always produces a thrill of pleasure. In the sunlight and shadow, thunderstorm and mist, in the clouds and in the clear sky, against the golden sunrise and the red sunset, against the midday sky of blue, and the midnight sky scintillating with stars, against the bright white clouds and the dark gray clouds, moving with the wind, bowing to the warmth of the sun, receiving the lightning's stroke, ever changing, it is always stately, always beautiful.

LIVE.

Live as this day would be your last
And free as every mountain blast,
Let heart and soul in pleasure cast
Heed not the future or the past.

Live with the living, not the dead,
And plentiful the wine and bread
Of reason shall thrill thy heart and head
When grief and deep remorse are fled.

Live in the grand immortal now,
Not caring for the why or how
We came to earth to bend and bow
Turned under by Jehovah's plow!

JOHN A. JOYCE.

STRIKES AT MOTHERS

Mrs. Bolton Freely Criticises Training of Girls.

ADVOCATES DISTRICT LAWS

Before Church Body, Speaker Condemns the Sacrifice of American Women for Foreign Mission Work. Disapproves Admixture of Religion, Risque Plays, and Scandal.

"In this capital there are no laws governing the hours and condition of labor for women and girls, and there are more women wage-earners in the District, proportionately, than in any State in the Union, and in many cases they work under deplorable conditions."

This significant statement was made by Mrs. Henrietta Irving Bolton, diocesan president of the Girls' Friendly Society, at the eleventh annual convention of the Sunday School Institute of the Diocese of Washington, held in the Church of the Epiphany yesterday.

Mrs. Bolton's subject was "How the church can help to train the girl in Christian womanhood." Her address bespoke censure of the gossiping mother in the presence of her daughter. Mrs. Bolton said in this connection:

"Let every churchwoman be what she would like young girls dearest to her to be, and her efforts will bring about unexpected results. Often eyes that we little suspect are upon us. Girls are careful critics, and have curious and unexpected ways of 'taking notice.' A woman may, by her dress, her manner, her behavior in church, in the street, in the theater, or at the missionary meeting, give an indelible impression to some girl she does not know, but who has set her up as a model in a way hard to realize, except by those who have been girls themselves at a period not too remote.

"The woman who makes an afternoon call may not consider that she has any responsibility in regard to the young daughter of her hostess who sits demurely pouring tea, but if her conversation turns upon details of the latest society scandal, the gossip which lightly throws a slur on the character or motives of her friends, or treats of holy things with levity, does she not perceptibly lower the standard of life for the silent listener, and in direct proportion to her cleverness and power of attraction?

Church and the Theater.

"If the young girl sees her mother or maiden aunt devoutly attending church and partaking of the Holy Sacrament on Sunday, and on Monday going to see a play where she listens to conversation she would not tolerate in her own drawing-room, or laughs complacently over a situation almost unspeakable (and girls read the newspapers and know what is going on at the theater, even when some sense of prudence on the part of the mother keeps them at home); if she sees the Bible and the latest 'best seller' in the way of a problem novel on the table; if questionable society journals come into the house as regularly as the church organs, can she believe in the reality of the religion that thus balances things sacred and profane? If she sees engagements at parish meetings, women's auxiliary, or hospital boards carelessly broken in favor of an afternoon tea or a bridge party, can she respect the fervor which sings 'Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee?'

Sympathy with children in foreign lands, while children in this country suffer, was severely criticised by Mrs. Bolton. She said in this connection:

"She (the woman) thrills with indignation over the wrongs of the child widows of Hindustan, weeps over the condition of the girl babies of China, or the slave girls in Africa. She not only listens and weeps, but she works, spends money, and lives lavishly to remedy these and similar evils, braving the dangers of race antagonism and international strife, to carry to distant lands with the good news of the gospel story such help for body and mind as will heal the sick, educate the ignorant, free the slaves, and house the orphan.

"And yet the child laborers in factories all over this land, the little messenger boy delivering letters and telegrams far into the night, and often led into horrible and degrading situations; the girls laboring sixteen hours or more a day in laundry or candy factory, the little bundle-wrapper doing her monotonous task in badly ventilated corners, are not championed by the church to which by virtue of their baptism they belong."

Other Addresses Heard.

Miss Catharine Watkins, in charge of the primary department of the Ascension Parish, and director of the kindergartens of this city, read a paper on the subject, "The training of the religious instinct in children," which was followed by the reading of an essay on "Teaching appropriate to the stages of the child's development," by Rev. Charles H. Hayes, D. D., professor of Christian apologetics, General Theological Seminary.

The annual election of officers resulted as follows: Bishop Satterlee, president, ex-officio; Rev. Dr. Alfred Harding, rector of St. Paul's Church, first vice president; Rev. Dr. W. L. Devries, second vice president, and E. S. Hutchinson, secretary and treasurer.

The day's programme was begun with the holy communion, administered to the delegates by Bishop Satterlee, and a devotional address delivered by Rev. Dr. C. C. Pierce, chaplain, U. S. A. At the business session at noon, Bishop Satterlee addressed the convention, after which the delegates repaired to luncheon.

There were present at the convention 200 delegates, representing thirty-five Sunday schools, with 5,000 children. Rev. Dr. Alfred Harding, rector of St. Paul's Church, presided at the meeting.

Children's Star Magazine.

The Children's Star Magazine, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Wickersham, of Washington, editor, has just made its appearance in most attractive and readable form, and containing excellent material for the young. Some of the features for the year will be a series of Bible stories, a set of educational articles under the title, "Wonder Tales of Invention," a department devoted to "Morals and Manners for Boys and Girls," illustrated stories, a page of wholesome fun and puzzles, interesting writings on "Arts and Crafts," and a specially edited department for very young readers. Under the caption, "Glints and Gleams," the Children's Star will seek, the editor says, to shed beams of love, light, and knowledge into the hearts of thousands of children, whom it is hoped will be enabled, through its influence, to become more cheerful, more patient, more helpful, and more loving members of the community in which they live; thus proving the truth of the words of the great lover of children, "Of such is the kingdom of God."

PLACES OF INTEREST.

Library of Congress—Open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. on secular days; from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m. on Sundays and on certain holidays.

Public Library—Open 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; holidays, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.; Sundays, 2 to 10 p. m.

Executive Mansion—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

United States Capitol—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

United States Treasury—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

State, War and Navy Departments—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. (The original Declaration of Independence is in the Library of the State Department.)

United States Patent Office—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

United States Pension Bureau—Open 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

United States Post-office—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Washington City Post-office—Open all hours. (The Dead Letter Office is in the city post-office.)

National Botanic Gardens—Open 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Fish Commission—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

Army Medical Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

National Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (including holidays).

Smithsonian Institution—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (including holidays).

Agricultural Department—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

Bureau of Engraving and Printing—Open 9 a. m. to 2:30 p. m.

Washington Monument (555½ feet in height)—Open 8:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (Elevator runs from 9 a. m. until 4 p. m.)

Corcoran Gallery of Art—Open 9:30 a. m. to 4 p. m. in winter; 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. in summer. Sundays—1:30 p. m. to 5 p. m., excepting in midsummer. Admission free on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays; other days, 25c admission.

Government Printing Office—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Navy Yard—Open 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

Southworth Cottage, 56th st. and Prospect ave.

IN THE SUBURBS.

Zoological Park—Open all day.

Rock Creek Bridge and Park.

Chevy Chase, Kensington, and Chesapeake Beach.

Naval Observatory—Open 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington—Open 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Arlington National Cemetery—Open all day.

United States Soldiers' Home—Open 9 a. m. to sunset.

Cathedral Grounds, Tennallytown road—Open 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Cabin John Bridge, Catholic University, and Alexandria.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Please do not believe everything you read about actresses, for startling the public is one of the tricks of the profession, and press agents are hired at good salaries to invent ways and means. Hard-working actresses are much like other women in their manner of living. Most of them have homes in which they take a deal of pride and comfort, and many of them have families for which they make daily sacrifices. They dress well because it is a matter of business and live well for the sake of their health, but they are not as extravagant as many a woman in private life who has only half as much money to spend.

* * * *

A popular young star, who has not been in the profession long enough to accumulate a fortune, is alleged to have given, in an interview, a list of articles which she regards as necessary to a woman in society. As she does not happen to be a society woman, she is hardly qualified to know the needs of one, and, as she has precious little time outside of her professional duties, she could not begin to wear the garments which she is said to regard as quite necessary. So the tale should be accepted with the proverbial grain of salt.

* * * *

No woman in her senses would want 100 handkerchiefs, for instance. It is so easy to buy such articles when they are needed that the care of a large number would not be assumed by a busy woman, even though she keeps a maid. There is quite enough for the maid to do without adding unnecessary duties. The Vanderbilt bride-elect with her elaborate trousseau—the most costly an American bride ever had, it is said—cannot equal the magnificence of the wardrobe accredited to this young actress, who is accused of carrying it about with her from city to town, and the absurdity of the thing must appeal to you.

* * * *

I have not one word to say against owning everything for which one can pay. Expensive clothing in abundance gives employment to many workers, and labor is the mainstay of the nation. The rich are able to furnish work where the poorest classes must ever regard economy. It is said that rich women have ruined housemaids by paying such fancy wages that they will look at nothing within the means of ordinary families. Well, you and I would do the same thing under the same circumstances. When we want a thing we are willing to pay as handsomely as we can for it, and that is no less than rich women do.

* * * *

I think we all object to paying fancy prices for incompetency, and it must be confessed that a host of workers are not earning the money they demand. If we spend in one direction, we shall have to pinch in another; but an unlimited income allows women much latitude. They ought to spend their money, for hoarding it would affect a multitude. It is senseless to talk about giving it away—it is many times better to allow people to earn money than to make them objects of charity. Plenty of work and a willingness on the part of those who need it, to give a fair exchange for the money they want, are the best methods of creating universal prosperity. Paying money for labor in any direction is not extravagant, even though it means an elaborate wardrobe or more autos and carriages than one person can use. BETTY BRADEEN.

Mr. Elmendorf's Lecture.

"The Pacific Coast" is the title of the fourth lecture in the present course on American subjects now being presented at the New National Theater by Mr. Dwight L. Elmendorf, Monday afternoons.

A PRACTICAL SCHOOL DRESS.

Simple shirt waist dresses of wool are the most satisfactory for school wear, for they will stand almost any amount of hard usage, besides being easy to make at home. The dress here shown is a new design of pleasingly simple style. The waist may be cut square at the neck, if desired, as shown in the smaller sketch, the pattern being perforated for that purpose. Both waist and skirt are gathered simply, a becoming fullness being thus assured. The bishop sleeve, which may be made in either full or shorter length, is correspondingly plain, its shaping being most convenient and comfortable for every day wear. Checked serge was selected for making the dress, with velvet of a contrasting shade for trimming. For the eight-year size, 3 1-2 yards of 32-inch material are needed. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (2688) and size wanted.